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## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-York Evangelist

### The Contemplation of the Starry Heavens.

Translated from the German of Zollikoffer, BY ELIHU BURRIT, A. M.

Everything in nature is instructive, the animate and inanimate, the small and the great, the part and the whole. Everything announces the greatness of God, and reminds us of our duty and destiny. Everything is the voice of our Heavenly Father, who leads us, his children, as it were, by the hand; shows us his works, and then awakens us to reflection, and guides us to wisdom and happiness. Every plant, every stone, every animal, and every man, is a herald of his wisdom, his power, and goodness; a way-mark to Him who has created, sustains and governs all, and in whom we live and act. All that surrounds us, instructs, admonishes, encourages, and comforts him who has an eye to see and a heart to feel.

But of all the objects that come within the compass of our vision, what more exalts the mind and fills it with noble sentiments, than the view of the starry heavens! Here, however, remains unmoved and insensitive, nor recognizes the footprints of Supreme Power and Wisdom, nor the voice of the Creator and Father of nature; that individual occupies the nethermost grade of humanity, not far exalted above the irrational tenants of the field. What an impression did this spectacle make on the Psalmist, whose knowledge with regard to these wonders of the Deity, was so circumscribed in comparison with ours? "When I consider the heavens," says he, "and the moon, and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Are thoughts like these strangers to us? Have we never felt the greatness and majesty of this spectacle in the vacant stillness of the night, when the heavens spread out before us all their splendor? At such a moment, have we never worshipped in prostrate adoration, him who created the sun, moon, and stars, and in obedience to whose command they all move and act? To many of us, I trust, these hallowed feelings and refined enjoyments, these aspirations of the heart and soul towards the Creator, are not unknown. Have we never in the meditative stillness of the evening hour, while raising our eyes to contemplate the starry heavens, perceived "a still, small voice," stealing down from those cerulean depths, and whispering softly in the ear of our listening spirits: "Adore the greatness and goodness of God; feel your nothingness and learn humility; feel your dignity and learn to think greatly and nobly."

Let us listen again to that voice—it cries to us still: Adore the greatness and glory of God. How can we mistake the Everlasting, the Infinite Almighty, the All-wise, and Good, in these his works! These, the great mirror of his attributes, the grand planispherical exhibition of his character! What works! Who can survey their number, their count-

less hosts! Who can measure their magnitude and distance; who can describe their order, their interconnection, their movements, and their influence upon all living and sensitive beings! Where is the beginning, the centre, the end? From every part of this terraqueous globe where we dwell, the heavens surround us, and exhibit to our view in every direction, a new and innumerable multitude of stars, and suns, and worlds. Even our naked vision can comprehend more of them than we can count. From every side, rays of light come streaming upon our eyes from the remotest regions of the immeasurable universe; and when provided with the instruments of art, we discover millions of luminous bodies, where at first we beheld a mere blank, or glimmering haze. And when, in our imaginations, we ascend from one star to another, from one sun to another, and thence contemplate the starry heavens, do we cease to behold new theatres of wonders, or thence catch a glimpse of the terminating pillar of creation, towering up on the borders of non-existence? Is it an idle conceit of fancy, to suppose there are millions of luminating bodies in the universe, whose rays of light, even from the beginning of creation, have been streaming down towards the eye of man with inconceivable velocity, and which are still on their way, and will be seen and felt only by those who shall live at the concluding ages of time?

And now let us contemplate those more numerous opaque bodies, for which these fountains of life and light exist, and which we may discover by the naked or aided eye. Surely, then, those remote suns are not for us. As our sun enlightens this planet, and all its inhabitants; warms, enlivens, and infuses activity and delight into all sensitive beings; so each of that unnumbered host of suns accomplishes the design in the world which its Creator prescribed it. In the realm of Jehovah, who is in himself wisdom and love, there nowhere can be splendor without use, means without design, or cause without effect. There is no sequestered spot, no isolated corner in those vast domains, where the inanimate and joyless silence of death bears rule; but all, every inch of the terminable universe lies under the influence of omnipresent power, activity, life, and happiness. Yes, the whole immeasurable creation of God is filled with myriads of living, feeling, thinking beings, that are susceptible of happiness; who all praise their Creator, and rejoice in the plenitude of his munificence. Each star is a sun; every planet has its own peculiar inhabitants, who drink in from the opened fountains of light, life and joy to the full.

The contemplation of the starry heavens leads us to feel our own nothingness and learn to be humble. Does a man walk in the indulgence of idle pride, the vainest of all human passions; and does this suffer him to forget his own impotence and exalt himself above his brother, then let him view this illustrious theatre of God's glory. Let him look up into these illuminated heights, and let his despised brother ask him to tell the number of the stars, to give each and all a name. Let him ask the proud mortal to try, if by searching he can find out that Power that gives them existence, and upholds them in being; that prescribes their courses, fixes their boundaries, and commands them to rise and set. Do you know, let him ask, the form, the structure, the internal organization of the millions of worlds that revolve around those millions of suns. Know you when each of these suns, each of these worlds was called into existence, how long each of them will continue in its sphere, how long they shall shine, and when they shall close their splendor and be no more? Can you, from this obscure tenement, survey the whole immeasurable world? At any distance, however inconceivable, would you not behold new heavens, and new suns, and new worlds? And when you know and feel this, feel your own ignorance and the greatness of God. While you cast a far-reaching glance into the limitless circuit of creation, look then upon your own dwelling; look around you and compare the earth with the heavens, the visible with the invisible, and yourself with all that is around you. What now is this globe of earth against this immeasurable all! Is it more than a drop of the bucket, than the small dust of the ballance? And what are you

compared with the globe you inhabit! Count, if you can, the human race which lived before you, and are now slumbering in the dust, and the human race that shall come after you, whose dust shall mingle with that of the predecessors. Count all the beings that now swarm upon the earth; compare these with the infinitely more numerous multitude of the remaining inhabitants of the world; then say if you make a large, a considerable part of the whole. How far extends your sphere of action? How many spans can you embrace with your power? How much of the earth will your dust soon cover? How long will the sand hillock stand that is raised above it? Man, must not be lost among the creatures of this planet; and this whole planet be lost in the multitude of worlds that surround it! And yet can you be proud! can you magnify yourself on account of your wisdom, your power, your glory, your wealth? Can you consider yourself the most important of all created beings; yet believe that all exists for you; all is instituted for your wish, that all must bow to you? Then must you believe that the Creator does you wrong if he cares for others as well as you; that your contemporary the worm, which crawls beneath your feet, injures you when it esteems you no better than itself, nor recognizes your pre-eminence, nor bows in blind submission to your will. O, if you can be proud here, here in view of the starry heavens, then, notwithstanding your boasted elevation, you have lost your reason.

### Lord Bacon.

It will be interesting to the reader to look over the following scattered anecdotes relating to an extraordinary man, "over whose mighty mind and corrupt heart the Christian lingers with sorrow, the moralist with wonder, and the world at large with regret—A man whom it is now difficult to praise, yet whom, but for some lamentable weakness, it would have been almost as difficult not to idolize."

Loyd says that "he was a courtier from the cradle to the grave, sucking in experience with his milk, being inured to policy as early to his grammar. When a boy Queen Elizabeth took much notice of him, admiring his ingenious answers, and alluding to the post held by his father, used to style him familiarly her young Lord Keeper. She once inquired the age of the gifted boy, to which he replied readily, that "he was two years younger than her majesty's happy reign."

It was remarked by the famous Earl of Salisbury, that Raleigh was a good orator, though a bad writer—Northampton a good writer, though a bad orator—but that Bacon excelled in both. Howell who must have often listened to his oratory, speaks of him as "the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

His information on all subjects was astonishing. "I have heard him," says Osborn, in his Advice to his Son, "entertain a country Lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs; and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon." Of money, he said, it was, like manure, of no use till it was spread.

How extraordinary and how humiliating to human nature must have been that scene, when the great philosopher stood a cringing applicant to his peers, "craving pardon of God and his fellows, and promising to amend that life, which, apparently but for such exposure, would have been transmitted to posterity as proud and faultless as his genius.—When he delivered the great seal to the four peers who had been commissioned to receive it, "it was the king's favor," he said, "that gave me this; and it is through my own fault that he has taken it away." When the instrument was delivered to James, he muttered some words respecting his difficulty in selecting a successor—"As to my lawyers," he said, "they are all knaves."

Bacon was apparently little distressed by his fall. Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador happened to encounter him immediately after that event, with equal bad taste and bad feeling wished him ironically, a merry Easter! "And to you, signor," replied Bacon, "I wish a merry Pass-over!" the reply not only comprehended a wish that the ambassadors were all out of the kingdom, but alluded to his supposed Jewish origin the greatest insult which could have been offered to a Spaniard.

The degradation of the wonderful genius while it distressed the good and qualified the evil, could even afford merriment to the wretched punsters of the age. Alluding alike to his misconduct and his poverty, his new titles of Verulam and St. Albens were easily converted into Very-lame and St. All bones.

Wilson describes Lord Bacon as of a middling stature, his "presence grave and comely," but adds that he early wore the appearance of old age. Hubry says "he had a delicate lively, hazle eye. Dr. Harvey told me "it was like the eye of a viper." The same writer relates one or two characteristic anecdotes of this extraordinary man. He was once watching some fishermen from the garden at York House and offered them a certain sum for the result of their draught; which they refused, considering it insufficient. On drawing up their net, they found that it only contained two or three small fish. Lord Bacon told them they had better have accepted his offer. The men replied that they had hoped for better success. "Hope," said his lordship, "is a good breakfast, but a bad supper."

When the Bishop of London cut down some fine trees at the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, Bacon told him that he was a good expounder of dark places.

When some person hinted to him that it was time to look about him, "Sir," was the reply, "I do not look about me—I look above me."

Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to Lord Bacon at Redgrave, happened to make an observation on the small size of his house—"Madam," he replied, "my house is small; but it is you who has made me too great for it."

King James, says Howell, once asked his opinion of a French Ambassador who had recently arrived. Bacon replied that he thought him a tall, well looking man. "But what do you think of his heart piece?" asked the king, "sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like houses four or five stories, wherein, commonly, the uppermost rooms are worst furnished." I do not know whether this was the French Ambassador, who told Lord Bacon, on his first introduction, that he always compared him to an angel, of whom he heard and read much, but had never seen. Bacon replied modestly, that "if the charities of others compared him to an angel, his own infirmities told him that he was a man." If Bacon can at all be compared to an angel, it must certainly be a fallen one.

Aubry informs us on authority of Thomas Hobbs, that Bacon owed his death to his indiscrete eagerness in pursuing a philosophical experiment. He happened to be taking the air in his coach near Highgate, when an idea came into his head that flesh might be preserved in snow as well as in salt. The snow at the time laying thick on the ground, he resolved to make the experiment; and "stayed so long in doing it," that he was seized with a shivering fit and was obliged to be carried to Lord Arundel's house at Highgate. Unfortunately he was placed in a damp bed, by which his disorder was so much aggravated that he died in a few days.

### Parody on a Southern Winter.

Winter has come, the saddest season of all the year. Its sunsets and its forests, how gloomy and lonely they seem.

There is a pensive beauty in Winter's days. Nature is now clothed in her duldest drapery, the forest leaves are dry and crisp, for she has put on her frigid aspect, for the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf, are Nature's knell for her fallen glories; now all the beautiful things have lost their beauty, and all bright things their brightness. These changeful sceneries, lend a touching interest to Winter's days. Go into the thick deep wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze, as it undulates the sacred foliage; look away into yonder vault of Heaven, in this sunset hour; how the hews of topaz, and amethyst, and gold, beautifully blend with each other, and stream in living light across the ether sky. It is the verge gate of Heaven—and that lone star seems to be a beacon light, hung out from His golden portals to guide us, erring wan-

derers, home. We seem to hear their blest voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High.—Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with ecstasy on contemplating scenes like these?—Hamburg S. C. Journal.

### Nature.

How eloquent is nature!—who is not purer and better when he listens to her voice? How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet, sad season! How he lets his goodness and his glory pass before us! He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy its beauties.—Sweet flowers, ye too, in your ever varying hues and delicious odors, whisper the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as you are about to fade and die. Apt emblems of life!

The autumn of our days is coming, but if we are ready like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments about us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in "beauty immortal" in the gardens of God.—Bibl.

## AGRICULTURAL.



### Hints for the Month.

Winter is now upon us—and the farmer must be vigilant to secure what he has gained by the labor of summer. Flocks and herds need close attention, or they will soon lose much that has been gained by half a year's care.

Animals thrive rapidly in warm weather—this thriving may be continued through winter, by creating artificially the advantages of summer; for instance,

The green and succulent food of summer is imitated by feeding roots copiously;

The comfort of summer may in some degree be conferred by having good stables and other shelters;

And other things may add materially to these, as the frequent salting of food: the free use of good litter; and constant supply of pure fresh water:—

To feed an animal on dry food exclusively, would be like feeding a man on dry Indian meal, which would be rather hard;

To deprive it of shelter, would be like making a man sleep in the snow drift, which would be rather cold;

And to deprive a man of drink and condiment, he would think was rather short allowance. All would have a tendency to take off his flesh; and what would reduce the flesh of a man, would tend to reduce the flesh of an animal. A want of comfort is a waste of flesh.

Horses that have run to grass all the past season, should not be kept on dry hay and grain; the danger of disease, so common at this season, would be greatly lessened, if they had a liberal supply of roots. They soon learn to eat all kinds.

Be careful not to waste fodder—have good racks and feeding troughs.

Chop up cornstalks finely for cattle; the body of the stalks, usually wasted, is the richest part. If Wm. Webb of Delaware, can make 1,000 lbs of sugar from an acre of cornstalks, after the leaves are stripped off, such rich and sugary fodder should not be thrown away. Salt it and meal it, and they will soon eat it.

Straw, or coarse hay, sprinkled with brine, is readily eaten by cattle, and the salt does them good.

Thresh your grain soon, before the rats eat it.

Repair broken tools, and procure new ones, of the very best construction only.

Read the New Genesee Farmer for the past and present year, make a memorandum of every thing worth practising, arrange these memoranda for every week next season, and put them into actual operation as each proper season arrives. Pursuing this course, will make, in a few years, any man of decent common sense a first rate practical farmer. Try, if you have any doubt,—and if you have not, try.

Don't forget to send your half-a-dollar for the next volume of the Farmer, and ask your neighbor to do likewise.